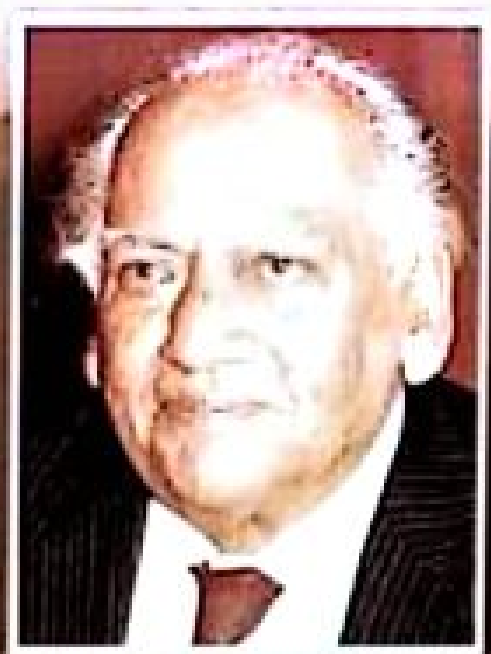


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FAIZ

A Wailing Nightingale

URDU POEMS



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FAIZ

A Wailing Nightingale

URDU POEMS

Translated by
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To
The Little Darlings, My Grandchildren
JACOB, JULIA, KATIE,
JOSHUA, MADDIE

And Last but Not the Least
LUCIE

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PREFACE

Faiz was born to Sultan Mohammad Khan and his youngest wife Fatima in Sialkot, Pakistan on February 13, 1911 as Faiz Ahmad. Later in life, he adopted FAIZ also as his pen name and was, therefore, came to be known as Faiz Ahmad Faiz. In 1930 he married a British lady, Alys who gave him two daughters.

He was schooled in Sialkot and later in Lahore, Pakistan where he did his masters in Arabic and English. He taught for a while but later joined the army and left it as a Lieutenant Colonel in 1947. He then became a journalist and was appointed as editor-in-chief of Civil and Military Gazette and later of Pakistan Times, both renowned English dailies of Pakistan.

Faiz was active in left wing politics. Accused of conspiracy to overthrow the government he was jailed for four years in 1951. After his release he lived in and out of Pakistan depending on the idiosyncrasies of the rulers of the day. He, however, kept on writing poetry until he died on November 20, 1984 at the age of seventy three in Lahore, Pakistan.

Faiz was, as I choose to call him, a wailing nightingale. He was a tortured man, tortured because he loved beauty and wanted to sing and dance but could not, because he found himself surrounded by so much ugliness – the pain, the sorrow, the poverty, the need, the blood, and the tears – which was and still is so typical of Pakistan, a country where people overbreed and underperform. He tried to do something about it but failed and realized that nothing short of a magical wand would do the trick. And since he did not have the wand, he wailed and wailed until he died.

In his love of beauty, especially feminine beauty, he was a typical Eastern poet. He sang:

*O it's a pleasure to see a face
A face that has such divine grace
And the lovely, slopy, dreamy eyes
That charm and enchant and mesmerize
And a shapely body with bursting youth
And graceful elegance, a tail beneath
And a lewdly walk and a happy stroll
That is better than any rock and roll
And the ribbon, curly, golden hair
In moonlit night when it flies in the air
And the bow-like brow that quickly slays
But was made not in wax but waxy days
And a beautiful mouth with red, red lips
From which every word like honey drips*

*But when I am lonely in the saloon
At night I go and look at the moon
In it I see your goggling face
Your dazzling beauty, your charm and grace
I see your lips, your mouth, your chin
Your luring smile, your charming grin
Your bulging bosom under the shirt
Your narrow waist, your tight skirt*

But then he saw the ugly side and was revolted by it:

*But life has also an ugly side
Which we cannot cover or hide
Where there's hunger, and need, and want
All over the city and the countryside*

*Where under the shadow of the castle wall
The sick and hungry do miserably crawl
Where dreams are shattered and wishes die
And one by one to the meat they fall*

*The gallows and crosses are everywhere
To make the wretched slaves aware
That if they defied their feudal lords
This is the punishment they'll have to bear*

*And when they hang or go to the cross
There're many and many who mourn their loss
And the moon and the stars up high in the sky
Behind the clouds, they start to cry*

And then he had second thoughts:

*I thought if only you could be mine
Things in my life would all be fine
Only to learn that it wasn't so
You cannot have joy without the woe
And the spring is followed by winter's snow*

*So when the spell did finally break
I felt the pain, and terror, and ache
I saw the slaves all drenched in blood
And the peace and justice appeared all fud*

*But love has also showed me the way
To hear what the poor and the weak do say
And see in their eyes the horrid despair
The fear, the terror, the great dismay*

*So when I see them selling the slaves
Who are sick and hungry and ready for graves
With all my heart I begin to hate
These hunters and chasers, the horrid brute*

*And even if, darling, you could be mine
It would not make this world benign
And there'll be malice, there'll be spite
And cruelty in it will not decline*

We'll still have sorrow; we'll still have pain
And all of it will be in vain
And no matter how much we mean and grow
We'll always have bondage; we'll always have chain

I'd tell you about the beautiful girl
With charming eyes and lovely curls
And how a girl, so proud and cold
Does melt in hands that are warm and bold
And how, when she drinks a little bit of wine
She becomes a goddess, so totally divine
And how, when alone under night's cover
She gives herself to a passionate lover
And so I'll sing all day, all night
And provide you with a source of delight

But the songs of mine cannot cure
The pain and sorrow that you endure
My song is just a soothing balm
And it can give you ease and calm
But the woes you have are deep and ripe
And what they need is a surgeon's knife
But I'm a preacher, I can only talk
And what you need is a surgical doc
And in the end, it is only you
For what is needed, only you can do

You need a flame; you need a fire
An earnest wish, a burning desire
And then you'll see the lava flow
With all its shove, and heat, and glow

And then you'll hear a battle drum
And a fighter leave you're going to become
And you'll then enter the Divine city
And under the reign of love and pity

But when it did not work, he started to wail:

*O please my heart, come do not cry
Your cruel fate you cannot defy
It's no mercy; it's no pity
And what it does is not very pretty
It now has a rope around your neck*

*Now there's no cheer, there's no hope
With what you have you'll have to cope
So whether it is sorrow or whether it's pain
You'll have to bear it and not complain
And learn to say – O what the heck!*

And so he wailed and wailed but at the end of his life
he made peace with himself and the world:

*O from this world whatever I got
I'm very, very grateful, complain I not
It gave me joy; it gave me pain
But whatever I got was not in vain
I used my verse to light a fire
And my tears to drown a world on fire
And where to go when I had to decide
I used my heart as my only guide
So when comes fate to take me away
I'll follow her readily and not delay
I will not wail; I will not grieve
And I'll drink and dance while I live*

And then after begging and praying to God he departed:

*O You who love a broken heart
I ask your pity, for I'm not smart
A king who's always asking more power
When faced with yours, he can only cower
He is always looking for gems and gold
But I your face just want to behold
The sheik is always sailing the neck*

*But I your mercy do so much seek
And I who is only a lump of clay
For pity and mercy I beg and pray*

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I
MAY YOU NEVER HAVE ANY SORROW AND PAIN

May you never have any sorrow and pain
And suffer you never your love's disdain
And the aches, and pains and the pangs of love
May never they drive your soul insane

And may your heart does never bleed
And feel it never a lover's need
And the fear and dread of a failing love
To gloom and doom may it never lead

May you never experience the dreadful bite
Of the loss of spring and the winter's blight
And when deprived of the warmth of love
May never you fear the darkness of night

And may you never long for the care
Of a man who loves your face so fair
And may you never feel the need
And may you never become aware

Of the eye that waits and waits for you
Of the heart that cannot without you do

2 LOVE AND BEAUTY

Love and need go hand in hand
And beauty and pride together stand

No heart can there be without desire
And soul and heart must always conspire

The nature of love is totally obscure
Though aches and pains you've to endure

A lover's silence can never hide
The moans and groans that are inside

And love and lust together conspire
For love you may not without desire

But the lovers' lot is to wait and wait
And the beauties are callous at any rate

So, FAIZ, with love if you want to cope
You must have patience; you must have hope

3
A LOVER'S FATE

The air goes misty whenever I sigh
And the clouds in heaven start to cry
And when in love I feel forlorn
Even the flowers of spring begin to mourn

Desires are many there in my breast
But in my eyes I just have request
And, as you know, she is cruel and cold
And cares she not for a lover old
And though for her I pray and pray
She thinks I'm a prey, for her to slay

THE MUSIC OF THE NIGHT

O it's so quiet, so calm tonight
And everyone appears so pleasantly drunk
Why, even the beauties are a little contrite

The color and fragrance are there everywhere
And you, my love, are also here
Looking like a flower, so fresh, so fair

But the flowers come and the flowers go
And last will not your beauty's glow
So when I say – let's sing and dance
O please, my baby, do not say no

But I get so lonely when you're away
And everything appears so drab and gray
And I moan, and groan, and sob, and sigh
And become possessed by great dismay

The moon feels sad and says good-bye
And the stars in heaven begin to cry
And I wish and pray that you will come
And give me life, and I won't die

THE LOVERS LOVE BECAUSE THEY MUST

Patience is something the lovers hate
And beauties, you cannot make them wait

The lovers yearn, and long, and crave
But the beauties are always proud and grave

And beauties know how to use their eyes
To charm and enchant and hypnotize

And when they look at you and smile
They do it because they want to beguile

And the lovers love and do booboo
Because without it they cannot do

And if they wait, and wait, and wait
They blame it on their cruel fate

And if they hold their girls so dear
It's, FAIZ, because they are sincere

6

A LOVER'S LAST LETTER

The day, my love, is not very far
When pain and sorrow will bring my end
And that I'm vigorous, and young, and strong
I'll not be able or willing to pretend
So with all my sorrow, and grief, and woes
In a dingy tomb I'll quietly descend

But one day when you will realize
That your indifference did cause my demise
You'll then be sorry and come to my grave
To say good things and to eulogize

But then maybe you'll kick my grave
And laugh and say I wasn't very brave
And that how I liked to pester you
And that how I used to yearn and crave

But whether you laugh or tears you shed
Or whether my fate you laud or dread
I will not matter, it'll be too late
For I'll be silent; I'll be dead

O LET ME SEE YOUR FACE AGAIN

O let me see your face again

In my heart the fire is burning bright
And your gorgeous face is a heavenly sight

I feel so lonely when I'm alone
That your departing I cannot condone
So night after night I wait and wait
And yearn, and pine, and moan, and groan

How long, I wonder, is it going to last
When crumbling am I and fading so fast?

Your beautiful voice, so sweet and clear
I'm afraid I'll never be able to hear
And your image divine, so lovely and fair
From my dimming eyes it will disappear

And I will not yell or ever exclaim
For might I even forget your name

So before I forget the bliss of love
And before I trounce its pang and pain
And before I lose all faith and hope
And before I become completely insane

O please, my love, do come to me
And let me see your face again

8
MOONLIT NIGHT

It's intoxicating, the moonlit night
And thoughtlessness it does invite
A deadly silence covers the sky
The stars are sleepy and not very bright
The moon is also in a very deep trance
Which makes the heavens quite a sight

The night tonight is like a dream
A mere illusion it all does seem

The light of the moon when it hits the trees
It goes no further and starts to freeze
It feels so tired, it has to sleep
And move it cannot even the breeze

And a sinking feeling I have in my heart
For all of a sudden it has no fire
It has no hope, no wish, no desire

9

SHE WHO KNOWS NO SORROW AND PAIN

She who knows no sorrow and pain
To her your grief you cannot explain

Tell her you cannot about your love
For all this nonsense she is above

And you even cannot philosophize
For to her it's a useless exercise

So now you wait, and yearn, and pine
And believe she's coming when there's no sign

Then all of a sudden it begins to seem
That your love is only a terrible dream

10
NIGHT AND DAY I WAIT FOR YOU

Night and day I wait for you
My bloom is gone; I feel so blue
And without you, darling, I cannot do

This heart has nothing but a dying desire
It has no flame; it has no fire
Oh, how I yearn to see your face
And how I adore it, and how I admire

How long, how long it's going to last?
How long, how long I must forbear?
And all this sorrow and all this pain
How long, how long will I've to bear?
So come back, baby, it is so unfair

11 UNDER THE STARS

Under the stars in a moonlit night
A heart is there, so full of desire
And there's a face so fair and bright
With eyes that yearn with heart to conspire

A body so full of youth and vigor
Knowing the passion but not its rigor
A budding flower bursting with scent
Much like a bomb that needs no trigger

An elegant figure so tall and slim
Steeped in beauty and filled to the brim
Yearning and longing for a lover's hand
Sometimes happy, sometimes grim

This lovely doll, so fair and white
Much like moon so shiny and bright
Under the stars in a moonlit night
Waiting for a lover is quite a sight

12

AND THE ANGELS IN HEAVEN BEGAN TO CRY

In the garden of life there was a flower
Above all others that used to tower
A bloom that knew no winter's blight
And a bud that was nourished by springtime shower

In a garden so lively, the cruel fate
Brought in death that could not wait
To pluck the flower that gave delight
To gloomy hearts that had seen the blight
The bloom that was gentle, clean, and pure
The flower that never felt insecure

So when this flower that was ready to die
Said to the garden of life good-bye
The sun turned brown and the moon went dark
And the angels in heaven began to cry

13 DESPAIR

O it's my heart, it's my heart
Look how it's broken and fallen apart
There's no pleasure, there's no rest
There's no comfort, warmth, or rest
It can't be repaired, it's a total wreck

O please my heart, come, do not cry
Your cruel fate you cannot defy
It's no mercy, it's no pity
And what it does is not very pretty
It now has a rope around your neck

Now there's no cheer, there's no hope
With what you have you'll have to cope
So whether it's sorrow or whether it's pain
You'll have to bear it and not complain
And learn to say – O what the heck!

14
NOT TONIGHT

O please don't touch my sore spot
And please for God's sake not tonight
It's finally over, the terrible blight
And I've gone through a heck of a lot
So please for God's sake not tonight

Of pain and sorrow remind me not
For it's been truly a nightmare
What happens now I do not care
And what it takes I haven't got
So touch you not my sore spot
At least for God's sake, not tonight

I ONCE SAW A BEAUTY IN THE STREET

O it's a pleasure to see a face
A face that has such divine grace

And the lovely, sleepy, dreamy eyes
That charm, and enchant, and mesmerize

And a shapely body with bursting youth
And graceful elegance, a tad uncouth

And a leisurely walk and a happy stroll
That is better than any rock and roll

And the silken, curly, golden hair
In a moonlit night when it flies in the air

And the bow-like brow that quickly slays
But was made not in six but sixty days

And a beautiful mouth with red, red lips
From which every word like honey drips

And a figure that's slim like a cypress tree
And has such elegance, such dignity

So a beauty like this, that's one of a kind
And easy to picture but hard to find

One day I saw in a busy street
And seeing it walking was quite a treat

A place like this I could not forget
For there I had found my Juliet

And here I stay in the hope to meet
And kiss one day her dainty feet

16

O LOOK AT ME; JUST LOOK AT ME

O look at me with your dreamy eyes
And charm, and enchant and hypnotize

Tonight I have a lot of pain
But why is it so, I cannot explain

And more than ever I feel insane
This mad, mad passion I cannot contain

Just look at my sorry, sorry state
And don't say it is my cruel fate

Just look at me and my agony
O look at me; just look at me

And come to me and give me hope
And don't tell your FAIZ that he must cope

17
DESIRE

O what gave verse its musical flow
And what gave moon its glorious glow
And what gave love its vigor and youth
And what gave fancy its high and low
It was, my friends, a nagging desire

Oh, those impatient, those watchful-eyes
Those moans and groans, those sobs and sighs
Those dark and lonely long, long nights
And what was it for, this exercise?
Surely, my friends, a burning desire

But the spring of life is very much here
And the birds and flowers are full of cheer
So let's all go and seek the dolls
Who still, my friends, we hold so dear
And let us revive the dying desire

18

O LOVE I CANNOT THE WAY I DID

O Love I cannot the way I did
Your love, I thought, was sheer delight
Which made my life all sunny and bright
You had the magic in your beautiful eyes
And your face gave light to the moon at night

I thought if only you could be mine
Things in my life will all be fine
Only to learn that it wasn't so
You cannot have joy without the woe
And the spring is followed by winter's snow

So when that spell did finally break
I felt the pain, and sorrow, and ache
I saw the slaves all drenched in blood
And the peace and justice appeared all fake

So you see it's something I cannot ignore
And I cannot feel like I used to before
And the beauty though I still admire
And still I crave and still I desire
I never can love the way I did

LOVING IS SOMETHING I CANNOT FORSAKE

Between me and her there's such a wedge
She wouldn't even make a false pledge

She also favors the men who lust
And to me, her lover, she shows disgust

My love is blind; I grope and grope
Knowing that for me there's no hope

And when she's there, I gawk and gawk
And care I do not if people mock

And though they say I'm going to break
Loving is something I cannot forsake

I DON'T KNOW WHY I'M SO UNHAPPY

I don't know why I'm so unhappy
And know not why it feels so crappy
But don't you please worry about me
Whether sad or happy, just let me be

O yes, my heart does feel the pain
And yes, our world is so profane
We are all unhappy; we all feel sad
But then this is life, we can't complain

And even if, darling, you could be mine
It would not make this world benign
And there'll be malice; there'll be spite
And cruelty in it will not decline

We'll still have sorrow, we'll still have pain
And all of it will be in vain
And no matter how much we moan and groan
We'll always have bondage; we'll always have chain

But the pain of other can become our grief
And it can also become rather short and brief
And if we all have the right dreams
They can surely give us a little relief

And since there're people in the commonwealth
Who make their money by using stealth
So instead of keeping it all to themselves
With us we can make them share their wealth

But for this to happen, we'll have to unite
And to get our share we'll have to fight
And one day when we have the power
Our rich, I'm sure, will see the light

LOVING IS SOMETHING I CANNOT FORSAKE

Between me and her there's such a wedge
She wouldn't even make a false pledge

She also favors the men who lust
And to me, her lover, she shows disgust

My love is blind; I grope and grope
Knowing that for me there's no hope

And when she's there, I gawk and gawk
And care I do not if people mock

And though they say I'm going to break
Loving is something I cannot forsake

TO YOU SOME CREDIT, O RIVAL, IS DUE

To you some credit, O rival, is due
For I found my love because of you
My heart has become a fairyland
And worship in it this gal I do

And because of you I know the street
That's now the hub of my everyday beat
For there she would walk with eager eyes
Trying to find you in order to meet

And the breeze there also would look for you
When it brought the scent of our you know who
And you the moon would try to entice
To play the game of peek-a-boo

O you have known the lip and cheek
Which I so love and so much seek
And you have looked into those eyes
The magic of which has made me a freak

So love we both a beautiful belle
In charm the sirens who does excel
And we're the ones who understand
The hold of magic, the power of spell

But love has also showed me the way
To hear what the poor and the meek do say
And see in their eyes the horrid despair
The fear, the terror, the great dismay

And how to them the world appears
And how they cry without the tears
And how they become the easy preys
Of hunters who chase them like the deers

So when I see them selling the slaves
Who are sick and hungry and ready for graves
With all my heart I begin to hate
These hunters and chasers, the horrible knaves

23
LONESOME ME

That she is coming, I cannot deny
But I think it's someone just passing by

The candle is burning but not very bright
And the stars are also taking the flight
The street is lonely and tired of waiting
It must have found it quite aggravating

So wait no more and turn off the light
And say good-bye to the moonlit night
That she'll come, the chance is slight

NO, NOT FOR LONG; NO, NOT FOR LONG

With crime and evil we going along
 No, not for long; no, not for long

Misery, they say, will always be
 It is after all our legacy
 We'll always be hungry; we'll always be sick
 Our poverty is something we'll never kick
 We'll always have sorrow; we'll always have pain
 We'll always have bondage; we'll always have chain
 To which I'll say, no, never again

Nothing but ruin have we ever seen
 And need for us is quite routine
 But so it does not have to be
 We have the power to intervene

O life is tough and can be tougher
 But we do not always have to suffer
 And we do not have to go along
 And do not have to play the duffer
 No, not for long; no not for long

JUST SIT AND ADMIRE THE BEAUTY OF MOON

O with your gal if you cannot commune
Just sit and admire the beauty of moon

And if you cannot see her beautiful face
Go feast your eyes on a flower's grace

And if you're feeling very, very sad
Go tell the preacher and he'll be glad

Or sit in the rain under the dark sky
And like the clouds just cry and cry

Or sit, and think, and philosophize
About your love as an enterprise

And tell your heart to not despair
For it'll be best to grin and bear

And your story of love, you go and tell
To everyone who wants a beautiful belle

DON'T BE AFRAID

O don't be afraid; just get in the fray
And say whatever you'd like to say
You own your body; you own your soul
So may you say whatever you may

And hit the iron when it's hot
And give it all that you have got
And you can easily break the chain
And you can also cut the knot

And say it because the time is right
With words a fire you can ignite
And don't be afraid to tell the truth
Even if for it you might've to fight

THE GLORIOUS SUN IS RISING AGAIN

The glorious sun is rising again
And a realm of light it's coming to reign

The strings of lyre are all on fire
And a hymn is singing the morning's choir

And having endured the dark of night
The lovers are looking all cheery and bright

The birds are singing and flying in the air
And see no predator anywhere there

So let's pick up our glasses of wine
And on the grass let's all recline

And let's enjoy; it's sunny and warm
And let's not worry about the storm

IT GETS WHATEVER IT WANTS AND MORE

It gets whatever it wants and more
But your heart is lonesome as never before

Your eyes are also losing the light
And the day is appearing more like the night

And faith and reason are selling so cheap
And the prices of gems are so very steep

And the closer you get to the folks you know
The stranger to you they all seem to grow

And the richer they are the more they snitch
And prouder are getting the mighty and rich

So it is no use; it's totally insane
This world of ours you cannot explain

BEAUTY IS WHAT THE VERSE IS ABOUT

The sun is setting and the sky is red
And moonlight soon will start to spread
And with all her glory she'll then appear
And come and sit near the foot of my bed

Oh, I can see her rosy cheek
From behind the screen as it tries to peek
And see I can her jeweled ear
Her silken tresses as it tries to seek

So she'll then come with great fanfare
And show her face so lovely and fair
And her dreamy eyes with black mascara
And her golden curls all flying in the air

But life has also an ugly side
Which we cannot cover or hide
Where there's hunger, and need, and want
All over the city and the countryside

Where under the shadow of the castle wall
The sick and hungry do meekly crawl
Where dreams are shattered and wishes die
And one by one in the moat they fall

Though the sad story does never end
And though I do not comprehend
Ignore I cannot the lips and the eyes
And the lovely curves of my beautiful friend

And in my mind there's no doubt
That beauty is what the verse is about

OH, THE FADING LIGHTS OF A FAILING HEART

Oh, the fading lights of a failing heart
A heart that's breaking and falling apart
The picture of beauty and the feeling of love
Getting they ready from it to depart

No end or start; no loss or gain
Only a search that's so in vain
A tired feel and a weary sense
No care for future; no past strain

Only some thoughts, so thirsty and dry
And eyes parched, unable to cry
And a feeling of pain, so hidden and deep
And a moan, a sob, a gasp, a sigh

And an injured heart looking for a cure
Of an ailment vague and so obscure

IT'S TIME, I THINK, I TRY MY LUCK

It's time, I think, I try my luck
And not remain forever stuck

And what I think and what I feel
No more should I try to conceal

And I should put my heart and soul
In trying to reach my life's goal

And I should look into those eyes
That love I so much and idolize

And sit and enjoy the summer breeze
And look at the flowers, and birds, and bees

And fall in love with a beautiful doll
Though, FAIZ, I think, it's an order tall

AND MAKE THE CHAIN A THING OF THE PAST

This darkness, oh, it will not end
And the golden moon, it'll not ascend
Our pulse of life we can barely feel
On it, it seems, we cannot depend

This dark of night, so let it be
And let it extend our agony
For last forever it can't, you see

O hear we still the sound of chain
And still we hear the cries of pain
And still they torture behind the walls
And blood from us still they drain

But it forever just cannot last
Together if we can hold on fast
And if we can somehow unite
Our tormentors we can outlast
And make the chain a thing of the past.

OH, WHEN I REMEMBER THE DAYS BYGONE

Oh, when I remember the days bygone
I'm glad as well as woebegone

And in my heart I feel the desire
With all its force and all its fire

I forget my sorrow; I forget my pain
And feel like falling in love again

I also remember the happy time
And how I enjoyed the glorious clime

And how I used to go to the bar
And share with the censor my wine jar

34
THE SUN IS RISING

Year after year these hands of mine
Did all their work that wasn't benign
I did not like what they made me do
But had no choice but to simply resign

But now I feel I'm going to be free
To be whatever I would like to be
The night is passing and the sun will shine
And bring an end to my agony

My these two hands did make them money
And gave to them all the milk and honey
And knew I not what to think of it
But now, I think, it wasn't so funny

The sun is rising, I feel quite sure
And the dark of night I won't have to endure

IF I ONLY THOUGHT....

If I only thought, my precious friend
That with my words I could really mend
Your tired heart, your eyes sad
And not just make you feel less bad

If I only thought that my sympathy
Could wash away the depravity
That has left your face with an ugly stain
And could cure you sickly, lary brain

If I so thought, my precious friend
A helping hand I would certainly extend
And sing to you a happy song
And ask everyone to sing along
I would sing a song of early spring
Of flowers blooming and birds on wing

I'd tell you about the beautiful girls
With charming eyes and lovely curls
And how a girl, so proud and cold
Does melt in hands that are warm and bold
And how, when she drinks a little bit of wine
She becomes a goddess, so totally divine
And how, when alone under the night's cover
She gives herself to a passionate lover
And so I would sing all day, all night
And provide you with a source of delight

But the songs of mine cannot cure
The pain and sorrow that you endure
My song is just a soothing balm
And it can give you ease and calm
But the sores you have are deep and rife
And what they need is a surgeon's knife
But I'm a preacher, I can only talk
And what you need is a surgical doc

And in the end, it is only you
For what is needed, only you can do

THEY SAY WE'RE FREE

This half-baked morning, this patchy light
No, it hasn't brought the end of our night
We thought the sun was going to soar
But it's not the day we were looking for.
We thought somewhere in the endless sky
We'll find a sun that's bright and high
And on whose light we could finally rely

Yes, we were all very young and fresh
And subject we were to demands of flesh
And we were also very amorous
So the arms and bodies kept calling for us
But we were looking for the rising sun
And the quest of ours had just begun
And our job, we thought, was still not done

They say we're now in full control
And that we've finally reached our goal
And now that we are all free to act
In the world we'll play our noble role

So how come I still have the horrible pain
Which has been forever my life's bane?
And why do I see no hope, no light
And why do I find no tangible gain?

It's just as dark as it has ever been
This light that we see is not genuine
So let's keep going, and let's not stop
And one day our freedom we'll finally win

WE, THE LOVERS

O we'll keep using the paper and pen
And will always maintain our regimen

And we'll keep loving and feeling the pain
And never and never we're going to complain

And the girls will always be cruel and cold
But they will maintain on us their hold

And we'll be loving them more and more
And even their cruelty we'll always adore

And we'll keep also going to the bar
Because from the shrine it's not too far

And we'll keep bleeding from our eyes
But the dolls, who hurt us, we'll never criticize

So we'll always be loving and amorous
Though the dames will never care for us

THIS NIGHTLY WAITING IS HERE TO STAY

This nightly waiting is here to stay
And keeps it repeating day after day

But I'm so happy my heart is mad
For I like it crazy rather than sad

So when preacher wants it to be discreet
It simply goes and lives in her street

And about its love though it talks a lot
They all want to hear what says it not

And it also complains about the spring
When there are no flowers, no anything

And likes it not when the spring breeze
Says with what it does, it is not at ease

THE WOUNDS OF PARTING...

The wounds of parting as they start to heal
Sorry for myself I begin to feel

I tell myself of her curly hair
And the way it used to fly in the air

And I also want to go to her street
To talk to everyone who there I meet

But I'm an alien, I miss my city
And deserve I do a lot of pity

And I'm a prisoner; I'm in the dock
My lips are sealed; I cannot talk

So when at night I'm in the cage
You can't blame me if I feel the rage

RISING FROM DUSK IS THE EVENING STAR

Rising from dusk is the evening star
The painful night is not very far

The night does always bring dismay
O stop this sequence of night and day

And helps it not a lover's plight
So stop the moon from shining at night

And the breeze that heralds the coming of morn
Tell it not to bother a man lorn

O SALUTE I DO YOUR BEAUTY AND GRACE

O salute I do your beauty and grace

For when you come and grace the saloon
Comes down to earth the golden moon
And when you stroll in your formal dress
The conifers are shamed and feel distress
And when at night you drink the wine
With your reflection you make it shine

And salute I do your radiant face

And when you rouge your rosy cheek
The rose is stunned and cannot speak
And when you glance with your charming eyes
The stars in heaven you mesmerize
And when you show your gorgeous face
My woes and worries you quickly erase

And salute I do your beauty and grace

OH, HOW I REMEMBER THAT ROSY CHEEK

Oh, how I remember that rosy cheek
And the lovely face that I so much seek
I cannot forget the day we met
I was so dazzled, I could not speak

O I was blind; I used to grope
But now for me there was some hope
And having experienced the feeling of love
With all my troubles I could now cope

I thought I'd see her gorgeous face
Her pose and poise, her charming grace
And I would enjoy her easy ways
Her taste, and form, and carriage, and pace

But then came parting, and sorrow, and pain
And the cloudy dark, and the wind and rain
And the grief and suffering, and worry and woe
That drove my heart and soul insane

Oh, how I miss the days bygone
The night is dark; I see no dawn
All night long I look for the moon
I'm totally exhausted and woebegone

So I have loved, and I have lost
The summer is gone; we have the frost
But still I love her cheeks and curls
And I'm not sorry I've paid the cost

And now that she has said good-bye
I sit all night and cry and cry
I mourn the death of a dear desire
And moan, and groan, and sob, and sigh

They say that I'm totally insane
And though I have this terrible pain
I'm willing to pay the awesome price
And ready to love and lose again

So this is my style; this is my way
And this is the course that I will stay
And I will defy the mighty kings
And ignore whatever the preachers say

And though the misery I cannot forget
About what they say I do not fret
And I'm not sorry for what I did
I have no qualms and no regret

THE LOVERS KEEP CHANTING HER BEAUTIFUL NAME

With the fire of love their hearts aflame
The lovers keep chanting her beautiful name

They are the slaves; they do not complain
They adore their bondage; they love the chain

And even in misery they see the boon
For in the darkest night they look for the moon

And when of wine they see no sign
They pour their blood in the cups of wine

And the preacher, they think, is asinine
When the wine of love he starts to malign

But they dearly love a nightingale
When for the rose it starts to wail

And for you it may be a huge surprise
But their noose, O FAIZ, they greatly prize

REJOICE O HEART...

Rejoice O heart the spring is here
And the tulips and roses are about to appear

And though some winter is still there
The birds are starting to fly in the air

And though it is not completely gone
The night is ending; we can see the dawn

And because it is the end of the night
The lights are burning all so bright

Our lives are happy, and we feel great
At last we've conquered our cruel fate

And all of a sudden there is no pain
The cage is gone; there is no chain

And although the thorns are still there
We are so happy, FAIZ, we do not care

THIS IS MY HOME, THIS IS MY LAND

O in this place we can't get ahead
And high we cannot hold our head
And if we happen to be in love with it
They'll make it sure that we are dead

Yes, this is my home; this is my land
And I love its dirt; I love its sand

O cruel and callous its rulers are
From pity and justice they're all too far
They think they're judges and they're the jury
Which is very odd and so bizarre

But this is my home; this is my land
And I love its dirt; I love its sand

O in my prison I sometimes dream
That we have now a new regime
Where pity and love are now in command
Where law and justice are now supreme

And this is my home; this is my land
And I love its dirt; I love its sand

But then I think that nothing will change
And cruelty with justice they'll never exchange
And pity and love they'll never have
And if they did, it'll be very strange

So this is my home; this is my land
And I love its dirt; I love its sand

Yes, they can keep me away from you
And what they want, they can certainly do
But they cannot take you away from my heart
And my feelings for you they cannot subdue

For you're my home; you're my land
And I love your dirt; I love your sand

O WHENEVER YOU SAY SOMETHING INSANE

O whenever you say something insane
A certain credence it's bound to attain

And when preacher says it is not legit
You can be sure it will become a hit

And if you hear that he is on the run
Something to the girls our sheik must've done

For if you talk of their lips and chin
Make sure that you sound very genuine

And yes, it's nice to be with a lass
But when she leaves, you feel like an ass

And if a sob or a sigh will leave your breast
It will go to heaven and there it will rest

And in the garden nothing does last
Whether beauty or fragrance, it all goes fast

But it does not stay forever glum
The winter does leave; the spring does come

And, FAIZ, in the cage when you sigh or cry
It's carried to the garden by the butterfly

IF OUR WAYWARD HEARTS WE CAN ONLY
CONTROL

Let's sit and drink in the moonlit night
O let's not worry and just get tight

O maid of the bar do bring some wine
And beam and gleam to make it shine

And let me watch your lovely face
I want to enjoy your beauty and grace

And let me recall the good old days
Those cheerful times, those happy ways

I don't want to think of sorrow and pain
And I'm not here to sit and complain

But a moment of joy is hard to obtain
For the fate is cruel and inhumane

This love can bring us a lot of blight
And rivals galore with whom to fight

So, sure I am that we'll all agree
That calm and quiet it's best to be

And says our FAIZ we can reach the goal
If our wayward hearts we can only control

48
O WHAT A DREAM

Alone and lonely when sitting in my room
I see emerging from the veil of gloom
Your brow, your cheeks, your mouth, your chin
Like the flowers of spring, so full of bloom

I hear the sound of your dainty feet
And pray that ere they're coming to meet
And feel I even your warming breath
And smell its fragrance, so pleasant and sweet

And then I see you beam and gleam
Dispelling the gloom with a glee supreme
And suddenly with joy I begin to scream
O what a dream, what a beautiful dream

O HOW MY MATES AND FRIENDS I MISS

I like to recall those gracious eyes
My pain and sorrow to minimize

O how my mates and friends I miss
Their kindly company was such a bliss

They all were warm and totally sincere
And they would persist and persevere

The preachers, as usual, were after them
For love and pity they always condemn

And thought the shrieks that they were odd
For they were the tapers in love with God

And in this cage I like to believe
That one day justice I'm going to receive

And that one night I'll see the morn
And I won't forever remain forlorn

So, FAIZ, someday the springtime breeze
Will come and thaw this terrible freeze

I'VE DONE MY DUTY; I'VE PAID MY DEBT

I've done my duty; I've paid my debt
And for all my loss I have no regret

I've seen how cold and callous is she
And how indifferent a doll can be

And being a simple and stupid dove
With a cruel huntress I've been in love

And because near her I wanted to be
I've made her neighbors all mad at me

Now I go wherever I want to go
And where I'm going, I don't want to know

And help for my heart I do not need
And care I do not; I just let it bleed

And I've learnt to live with sorrow and pain
So about my gal I do not complain

51
A BOTTLE OF SCENT

A lady, I'm told, as a compliment
Has sent me in jail a bottle a scent
It has the smell of her raven hair
Which is now all over the prison air
So with this gift, that beautiful dame
Me as her captive she can also claim

I'm sure this scent of love and pity
From here will spread all over the city
And a lovely garden it's going to become
With fragrant flowers, so charming and pretty

And as HAFIZ in Heaven will testify
That all things in earth and in the sky
That God has made with so much care
Except for love, will eventually die

THE DREADFUL NIGHT DID COME AND GO

The dreadful night did come and go
And I could hear the rooster crow

And in my dream I saw her face
With all its charm, and beauty, and grace

But when I told her I love her so
She got upset and started to go

But then in the morning came the breeze
And brought with it some peace and ease

And then the breeze did also leave
And sat I down to heave and grieve

IN THE DEAD OF WINTER I LOOK FOR SPRING

In the dead of winter I look for spring
And my songs of love I want to sing

And I want to talk about the girls
Their ruby lips; their raven curls

And without my gal in the dark of night
I look for the moon and its golden light

And even when I do not have a date
For my doll I want to wait and wait

And then I sit, and weep, and weep
For love is a secret I cannot keep

And when my eyes don't see the light
I recall her face, so shiny and bright

So love is something I cannot explain
And, FAIZ, I'm sure it's totally insane

O YOU ARE SO RIGHT, I SHOULDN'T COMPLAIN

O you are so right, I shouldn't complain
No, you aren't cruel; you are humane

And if for my love you do not care
It's because I make it so hard to bear

I must admit that you can be nice
But you can be also cold like ice

I know, I should not moan and groan
For if I've pain, I am not alone

And instead of showing my wounded heart
I should be thankful for your every dart

And if for my ill there is no cure
It's only because it is so obscure

And tells me FAIZ that it's not so
For love is not my only woe

AND WHAT THEY SAY IS PROBABLY TRUE

They blame me so much for loving you
And what they say is probably true

And if they taunt, and if they mock
I just keep quiet and let them talk

And if my foes do call me names
I let them play their dirty games

And when I lose, I don't lose hope
And with my losses I try to cope

And if harsh and cruel becomes my fate
I know it'll turn, so I simply wait

And if you do not come to me
I try not to lose my sanity

And if the night is wet and long
I go to FAIZ and sing his song

SO PLEASE, MY FLOWER, DO COME TO ME

The spring is here with all its glee
So please, my flower, do come to me

When the breeze does blow and hums your name
Of love in my heart it feeds the flame

O how I miss your fragrant hair
Your absence, my love, I cannot bear

I'm losing my reason, my sanity
And I need so much your sympathy

And it loves my torture, my agony
This lonely night, it feeds on me

And I feel sometimes so much despair
That I rip my clothes, I tear my hair

But tells me FAIZ, I'm a silly goose
And my love I've made into a noose

THE GALLOW'S AND CROSSES ARE EVERYWHERE

The gallows and crosses are everywhere
To make the wretched slaves aware
That if they defied their feudal lords
This is the punishment they'll have to bear

And when they hang or go to the cross
There're many and many who mourn their loss
And the moon and the stars up high in the sky
Behind the clouds, they start to cry

And when I see them drenched in blood
Their corpses covered with dirt and mud
I sit in my cage and cry and cry
Before I salute and say good-bye

MY LONELY HEART, MY LONELY HEART

My lonely heart, my lonely heart
You love the pain; you love the dart
But what'll you do when the wound will heal?
And what will happen when pain will depart?

I know you're going to miss your pain
For when it'll go, nothing will remain
With it will go the golden curls
And the rosy cheeks of beautiful girls
And you're going to feel the strain
Of loss of beauty, and you'll complain

But O my heart, my lonely heart
Take my advice if you are smart
The aches and pains that you nurse and feed
These are the things that you do not need

You need a flame; you need a fire
An earnest wish, a burning desire
And then you'll see the lava flow
With all its chime, and heat, and glow

And then you'll hear a battle drum
And a fighter brave you're going to become
And you'll then enter the Divine city
And usher the reign of love and pity

AND DON'T BE AFRAID OF RAISING HELL

In the face of tyranny don't be mute
And don't allow anyone to persecute
And don't be afraid of raising hell
And hold your ground when facing a brute

And do not fear the people who kill
For they are the killers and kill they will
And the blood of people, innocent and pure
Let's see how much they can spill

So say whatever you have to say
Your moral sense you must obey
And if you followed the path of truth
You're bound to succeed and win one day

MY BEAUTIFUL FLOWER, O SHE MUST BE COMING

With birds and bees the park is humming
My beautiful flower, O she must be coming

With clouds red, the sky is glowing
To it her lips she must've been showing

The night's breeze has a pleasant smell
It must have touched my beautiful belle

And beating fast is my crazy heart
At me she must be aiming her dart

THEY ALL, IT SEEMS, ARE MAD AT ME

No one wants to heed my plea
They all, it seems, are mad at me

And though it's warm, and sunny, and nice
Everybody is cold to me like ice

And everyone thinks that I'm to blame
And me they're always trying to shame

And me in the bar they like to malign
And serve me poison in a glass of wine

But miss I so much her luscious lip
That even the poison I want to sip

I do not feel any joy or pain
Not care I do for any loss or gain

And this indifference I do not hide
My sorrow and pain I take in stride

But when I see her walking in the park
Of love in my heart she puts a spark

I see her hair in the dark of night
And her radiant face in the morning's light

And when someone is walking in the street
I hear in it the sound of her feet

And so I torture my heart and soul
And make them pay a heavy toll

And no matter how I appear brave
I'm only a captive and a loyal slave

And to them I cannot possibly explain
Why love is my shackle, my bond, my chain

بیش خدمت ہے کتب خانہ گروپ کی طرف سے
ایک اور کتاب ..
بیش نظر کتاب فیس بک گروپ کتب خانہ میں
بھی اپلوڈ کر دی گئی ہے
<https://www.facebook.com/groups/1144796425720955/?ref=share>
میر ظہیر عباس دوستمائی 0307.2128068
@Stranger

LET'S ALL SIT WITH THE MAID OF THE BAR

O let's not fight, it's a festive day
And let's get tight, it's a festive day

Let us repair the broken hearts
And make them right, it's a festive day

Let's all sit with the maid of the bar
And drink all night, it's a festive day

O do not worry about friends and foes
Let's try to unite, it's a festive day

The sheiks and preachers, just tell them off
But remain polite, it's a festive day

And verses about our tender love
Let's sit and recite, it's a festive day

O THE BAR IS CLOSING; THE WINE IS GONE

O the bar is closing; the wine is gone
And the toppers are yawning, waiting for the dawn

And without the radiance of the beautiful girls
It'll become as dark as their raven curls

And then the toppers will grope and grope
With the maids will leave their joy and hope

In the heavens above they'll look for the moon
While leaving in gloom the joyous saloon

And their happy spring will come to an end
And their lonely hearts they'll go and mend

THE WAR HAS ENDED, THEY SAY, THEY SAY

The war has ended, they say, they say
And yes, we've finally won the day
But there was never a battleground
Of guns and bombs we heard no sound
We saw no line; we saw no row
And saw we never a battling foe

So, friends, with them we cannot concur
For things are as bad as they always were
We feel as wretched as we always did
And of our misery we couldn't get rid
We still have sorrow; we still have pain
And sloth remains our biggest bane

But heroes and fighters we can become
And we also can beat the battle drum
And we can do or we can die
And hold we can our banner high
By torture and pain we shouldn't be awed
And we should heed the voice of God

A bright future now let us cast
And let's not worry about the past
And if we fought, we're going to win
And our present misery, it will not last

YOU DON'T HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL THEY DIE

Your wretched lovers, you can certainly cure
And being like Jesus, you can make it sure.

Look how they suffer whenever you leave
Their pain and suffering you can surely relieve.

To help these fellows you can certainly try
And you don't have to wait until they die.

So if to them you're just a little nice
They will think that they are in paradise.

You can make their lives easy to bear
And stop these guys from tearing their hair.

So listen to PAIZ and don't be aghast
If he says your beauty won't forever last.

YOU KNOW THEY'RE TESTING OUR LOVE AGAIN

You know they're testing our love again
You can hear all over the cries of pain
The sound of shackle, the jingle of chain
Again and again; oh, again and again

With lovers like us they're filling the jail
And there's no bond, and there's no bail
But although we are weak and frail
In the test of love we're not going to fail

Here we find a broken heart
And there a heart that's falling apart
We hear somewhere a lover moan
An injured soul with a terrible groan

So there is torture; there is pain
And we hear their cries again and again
It sounds so terribly inhumane
Enough to drive a man insane
But that's how they test our love again

AND WILL SHE EVER LISTEN TO ME?

This night of pain, will it ever end?
Will I ever see my beautiful friend?

And will she ever listen to me
And if she did, will she agree?

And will she ever come to the pub
And join our happy blessed club?

And going to the pub if they deplore
The sheiks and preachers will she ignore?

And will she ever defy my fate
And come to me and become my mate?

I HAVE BEEN WAITING ALL NIGHT, ALL DAY

Ever since, darling, you have gone away
I have been waiting all night, all day

And with every ache, and with every pain
I think of you again and again

And when my heart gets out of control
It takes its toll on my tortured soul

And when I think of your luscious lip
My hair I tear; my clothes I rip

And then I wait for you all night
In the hope, my love, that come you might

IN EVERY STREET I SEE MY HOME

Whenever there's someone in the street
I hear the sound of your dainty feet

In a foreign place, and when I roam
In every street I see my home

But in the saloon whenever I go
The ladies there all tell me – no

And when I want to be in a shrine
Their entry to me they simply decline

And if I go there, FAIZ, in my rags
I become the target of jokes and gags

THE BLOOD OF THE POOR

The blood of the poor, the blood of the meek
The blood of the sick, the frail, and the weak
It wasn't spilled for the country or Lord
And it wasn't there on any dagger or sword

On a flag or banner it wasn't found
And shed it wasn't on a battleground
But when we kept on looking for it
It was on the hands of a greedy hound

And we also found this precious blood
On the field of toil, in dirt and mud

YOUR GORGEOUS FACE THEY SEE IN THE MOON

Your gorgeous face they see in the moon
You lovers while sitting in the saloon

Your rosy cheek they sit and admire
And your ruby lips, oh how they desire

And all night long they sit and drink
And in the morning in a stupor they sink

They listen to music with all their soul
And while they drink, they sing and troll

But when they hear your melodious voice
They go in a trance, and dance and rejoice

BUT STILL I FEEL A WHIFF OF GLEE

About my wounded heart no one does care
They say it's something you cannot repair

The preachers and friends are equally cold
They love to admonish; they love to scold

And she is as callous as she can be
And care she does not about my agony

Even flowers of spring don't look very gay
And everything in the garden is in disarray

But still I feel a whiff of glee
Her face, O FAIZ, whenever I see

O LET'S NOW PRAY; O LET'S NOW PRAY

We who worship the beautiful girls
And we who adore their golden curls
And we with dolls who love to play
O let's now pray; O let's now pray

And we who are so odd and flawed
Let's now kneel and pray to God
That may He relieve our pain and sorrow
And may He grant us a better tomorrow

And may our Lord in the dark of night
Show to our tortured hearts the light
And us, the sinners, who've gone astray
May He now guide and show the way

And we who're so very frail and weak
May He grant us the strength to seek
Goodness, and virtue, and decency
Truth, and justice, and equity

And may be the pain that we have will cease
And may be, we'll have a little bit of peace

O YOU'RE SO FAR AND YET SO NEAR

O you're so far and yet so near
Because you're always with me, my dear
Away from me you will never get
Because when there, you're also here

But when I am lonely in the saloon
At night I go and look for the moon
In it I see your gorgeous face
Your dazzling beauty, your charm and grace
I see your lips, your mouth, your chin
Your luring smile, your charming grin
Your bulging biceps under the shirt
Your narrow waist, your tight skirt

Oh, how I wish you'll heed my plea
And to what I say, you'll finally agree
I'm awfully lonely; I'm terribly sick
So have some pity and come to me

A LOVER LIKE ME, SO ILL AT EASE

Looking for flowers, the morning breeze
Goes to the garden, but there it sees
A lover like me, so ill at ease

He knows the sorrow, he knows the pain
They're his poison, they're his bane
For he's a captive of a beautiful belle
And on his foot there is a chain

And when she calls, he runs to her
He doesn't hesitate, he doesn't demur
And when he goes and she's not there
He does not think that it's a slur

O NO ONE CARES ABOUT MY WOES

O no one cares about my woes
And what's my trouble, I cannot disclose

She makes a promise; she makes a vow
But it gets broken somewhere, somehow

And being a moth I look for the flame
But love to her is only a game

And being a toper I want some ale
But nowhere I find that it's on sale

And her whenever I want to see
To meet with me she wouldn't agree

With her I cannot possibly connect
For even my praise has no effect

So no matter what I might say or do
To her, O FAIZ, I cannot get through

EVEN IN WINTER I SEE THE SPRING

Whenever I can, I dance and sing
And even in winter I see the spring

It's all so nice; it's all so gay
And wherever I look, things look all gay

I no more cry; I no more groan
And feel not lonesome even when alone

And there's no pain; there's no ache
And falling in love is a piece of cake

And I feel so sturdy; I feel so strong
That I think there's nothing that can go wrong

MAYBE THE PAIN WILL SOMEDAY REMIT

Maybe the pain will someday remit
And maybe my heart will settle a bit

Maybe her fury she will withhold
And won't be as cruel, and callous, and cold

And maybe it'll all turn out to be fine
And she will come with a flask of wine

And even if poisoned, I'm going to drink
And from dying for her I'll never shrink

And whatever she says, I'll not refute
And I will stay very silent and mute

And I will not become at all irate
Even if I have to wait and wait

BUT NOBODY NOW CALLS ME HER BEAU

There is no rival, there is no foe
But nobody now calls me her beau

But although quite far she may be
She'll always be very close to me

And I'll stay very close to her door
Even if it makes her neighbors sore

And I will always worship my doll
And her my goddess I'll always call

And though she is cruel and callous to me
Away from my heart she will never be

80
WITH FLOWERS SO HEARTY AND THE BIRDS SO
HALE

With flowers so hearty and the birds so hale
Why then so wails the nightingale?

And when it's all so green and gay
Why then my heart has such dismay?

And if it's a bar and not a shrine
Why is then here no liquor, no wine?

And if she believes in fair play
Why does she hunt; why does she prey?

And if FAIZ's heart is really on fire
Why hasn't it burnt his being entire?

81

I CRY AND CRY AND GO INSANE

Whenever my heart starts to pain
I cry and cry and go insane

But when I remember your luscious lip
Its ruby wine I want to sip

And when I recall your chic style
It makes my sorrow and pain worthwhile

And then I start to crave and pine
And want to see your face divine

I want to go and sit in your street
And kiss the dirt of your dainty feet

And I also yearn, I must confess
To see you wearing your night dress

THAT COME YOU WILL, IF ONLY TO SLAY

To see your face I yearn and crave
And about you, darling, I rant and rave

And then I sit and cry and cry
I moan, and groan, and sob, and sigh

I feel the ache, I feel the pain
I curse, and kick, and go insane

I want to sing a sorry tune
I look at the moon and start to creak

I want to drown the sorrow of mine
I go to the bar and drink some wine

But when nothing works, I start to pray
That come you will, if only to slay

O WHY DO YOU ACHE, MY POOR LITTLE HEART?

O why do you ache, my poor little heart?
Does it hurt still, that deadly dart?

If the foes are mean, do not despair
For you are a lover, you should beware

O it has been cold; it has been hot
And I know you have been through a lot

You have seen scorn; you have seen disdain
And yes, you've seen them again and again

And though you're surely her lover old
The girl you love is cruel and cold

MY SILLY LITTLE HEART THEY ALL SCOLD

My silly little heart they all scold
They say it has an ailment old

Its many wounds and when they see
They show not a bit of sympathy

And when they find that it's a wreck
They shrug and say – O what the heck!

And when they witness in it a dart
They simply conclude, it's not very smart

And when they see it yearn and crave
They think it's just a bonded slave

But, FAIZ, in fact it's terribly abused
And on top of it, it's very confused

O KNOW I DO NOT WHO TO OBEY

O know I do not who to obey
When God says yes but the master nay

And what do I do, as you can see
I'm a barren bush, a fruitless tree

I cannot be bold; I cannot be brave
For I'm a beggar; I'm only a slave

And I have to take it on my chin
When I don't even know what's my sin

And I feel obliged to everyone
Knowing that for me nothing has been done

HERE WE'RE ALIENS, BOTH YOU AND ME

My heart, my heart, as you can see
Here we're aliens, both you and me

Away we are from our land
In a foreign place, here we stand

There isn't a person that here we know
And know we do not where to go

What's our job and what's our task
There's no one here that we can ask

And know we do not where to walk
And what to say, with whom to talk

In the day our pain is not so bad
But at night, you know, we feel very sad

So you and me, we cry and cry
Until we know we're about to die

THE FLOWERS ARE RESTING

The flowers are resting
The birds are gone
The clouds are weeping
Waiting for the dawn

The music has stopped
There is no dance
The lights are dim
And I'm in a trance

But in the sky
There is a star
Somewhere there
Very, very far

It's trying to smile
It's trying to wink
While here my heart
Is ready to sink

AND NOTHING TO ME YOU'LL EVER OWE

O when I recall the days-bygone
When you and I would sit on the lawn
And you would let me hold your hand
And we would listen to the garden band
Those were the days, the days-bygone
Which make me now so worded-gone

I often think that if somehow
The cruel fate would again allow
That you and I could meet again
O I will be correct, and will maintain
With you a happy relationship
And there'll be nothing for you to explain

And you will come and you will go
And when you want you'll tell me no
And you'll be free like a winging bird
And nothing to me you'll ever owe

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN YOU WERE MINE

There was a time when you were mine
And I did not have to crave and pine

There was no sorrow; there was no pain
I could not grouch; I couldn't complain

The air was fragrant, and the weather fair
And the birds and flowers were there everywhere

I had no rival; I had no foe
And the friends were there, row after row

And I was as happy as I could be
And thought the world did belong to me

IN LOVE I FOUND MY ONLY REFUGE

When life became a burden huge
In love I found my only refuge

And when I found the winter severe
In the garden within I looked for cheer

And when the barman was not very kind
I drank the dregs and did not mind

And from her house when they threw me out
I did not walk; I did not post

And when my pain was hard to bear
I didn't lose hope; I didn't despair

And finally in love I found my guide
And whatever came, I took in stride

91
MY HOME, MY LAND

O how much blood, my home, my land
Yes, how much blood is enough for you?
And how many tears you must demand
Before you'd say you got your due?

And how many pledges do you need to break
Before your lovers say that's enough?
And how many lives will be at stake
Before they say it's getting too rough?

But even though we are all aghast
Let's not worry about the past
And let's all hope that your constant need
For blood, and sweat, and tears won't last

And although we do feel the pain
We're your lovers; we cannot complain
And we always wish and always pray
That happy and healthy you always remain

MY JOY AND PAIN ARE BECAUSE OF YOU

My joy and pain are because of you
And without you, darling, I cannot do

And if we part, and if we meet
It's all in your control complete

And all the advice I get from sheerk
It's because of you that I cannot take

And whether I live or whether I die
It is you alone who can justify

And so I wish, and hope, and pray
That together we always be happy and gay

I THANK MY GAL FOR ALL MY PAIN

I thank my gal for all my pain
Although I think it's totally insane

And thank I God for my lovely mate
For the way to Heaven is through her gate

When winter comes, I dance and sing
For without the winter there can't be spring

And when I suffer from low morale
I draw a picture of my gorgeous gal

And when I cannot reach my goal
I try to clean my heart and soul

And when I think she's testing me
I treat my rivals with courtesy

IF YOU CANNOT HAVE HER, JUST DO WITHOUT

O please don't sulk; O please don't pout
If you cannot have her, just do without

If blood and tears you cannot shed
Just keep on loving; you're not yet dead

And if in the bar there is no wine
Stay with the barmaid, she's so divine

And if for her you have to wait
Do have some patience; don't be irate

And if you're lonely in a foreign place
Feel homesick, FAIZ, it's no disgrace

YOU COULD HAVE WAITED: WHAT WAS THE
HURRY?

You promised, O friend, that you will stay
But then you decided to walk away

You said you were never going to leave
But then you left, which is hard to believe

We somehow thought that the cruel fate
Had said to you that it could wait

But then it came from out of the blue
And made us now all weep for you

But you didn't have to leave in a hurry
You could have waited; what was the hurry?

WHERE SHE LIVED NOBODY KNEW

There was no cup, there was no wine
And yet her saloon was totally divine

And there was no lover pulling his hair
But it didn't matter, she didn't care

And where she lived, nobody knew
But her they all wanted to woo

And without her when they couldn't sleep
They would sit all night and weep and weep

And their hearts she did like to break
And didn't distinguish a toper from theik

THEY WANT YOUR BODY; THEY WANT YOUR
BRAIN

In the court of a king there are men
Who have the sword; who have the pen

They want your body; they want your brain
And they can give you both joy and pain

They do not care if you are in rags
They'll take your rags and use them as flags

They love the fights; they love the brawls
And they use your blood to paint their walls

And what they say is all very trite
There is a lot of heat but not much light

IT'S NOT THERE; NO IT'S NOT THERE

It's not there; no it's not there
The love, the passion, the sheer devotion
High as a mountain, deep as an ocean
It's not there; no it's not there
The beauty that would shame the moon
And the coyness that would make you a loon
It's not there; no it's not there

It's not a place in which you'd drink
Where their glasses they would not clink
And it's not the place in which you would be
Where love and beauty you would not see
And where your love you would not declare
And where your heart you would not treat
It's not the place; no it's not the place

I WAS SINGING AND DANCING IN MY DREAM

Last night in a trance I suddenly fell
And thought I was with a beautiful belle

I was singing and dancing in my dream
For to be with her was the joy supreme

And there were flowers, red, white, and blue
With their faces gleaming with pearly dew

And then I went for a stormy ride
With my happy heart as my only guide

And, FAIZ, it gave me a wonderful lift
And I thanked my heart for the beautiful gift

ALONE AND LONELY I WAS ONE NIGHT

Alone and lonely I was one night
My house was dark and there was no light
I thought I was under a spell
Or was it a dream, I could not tell

There was no pain, there was no fear
But neither was there any hope or cheer
It was all very empty and quiet everywhere
With not even a star in the surrounding air

But even though it was all empty and bare
I couldn't help feeling that she was there
And even in that very calm atmosphere
Her melodious voice I could easily hear

WHEREVER I GO, THEY TELL ME NO

One day it may be clear and bright
And I may be able to see some light

Wherever I go, they tell me no
And even in the wild they won't let me go

So I think it'll do a lot of good
If they see me bleed in her neighborhood

For in her salon whenever I go
That I'm there, she doesn't want to know

So now to reach her I don't even try
I do not care if I live or die

AND EVERYONE TELLS ME TO GO TO HELL

It's beyond repair, they're totally sure
And they think for me there is no cure

Nothing can be done about my heart
For piece by piece it's falling apart

And everyone tells me to go to hell
For they think that I am an infidel

But the fire I have in my painful breast
In it they simply have no interest

And though there's a lot that they can do
It's something they don't want to get into

I WILL NOT WAIL; I WILL NOT GRIEVE

O from this world whatever I got
I'm very, very grateful, complain I not

It gave me joy; it gave me pain
But whatever I got was not in vain

I used my verse to light a fire
And my tears to drown a world entire

And where to go when I had to decide
I used my heart as my only guide

So when comes fate to take me away
I'll follow her readily and not delay

I will not wail; I will not grieve
And I'll drink and dance while I leave

104
A HYMN

O You who loves a broken heart
I seek your pity, for I'm not smart

A king who is always seeking more power
When faced with you, he can only cower

He is always looking for gems and gold
But I your face just want to behold

The sheik is always railing the meek
But I your mercy do so much seek

And I who is only a lump of clay
For pity and mercy I beg and pray

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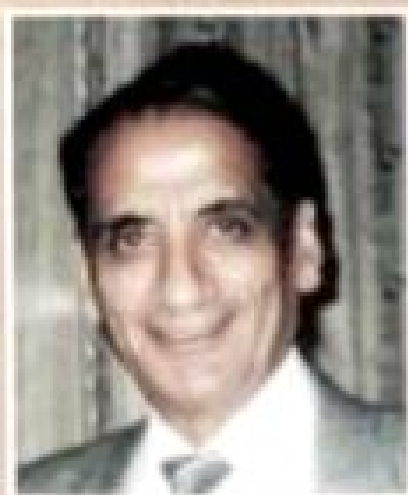
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Khalid Hameed Shaida, MD

Faiz writes:

*But the songs of mine cannot cure
The pain and sorrow that you endure
My song is just a soothing balm
And it can give you ease and calm
But the scars you have are deep and rife
And what they need is a surgeon's knife
But I'm a preacher, I can only talk
And what you need is a surgical doc
And in the end, it is only you
For what is needed, only you can do*

The poems of Faiz, a Wailing Nightingale Under Poems establish Faiz as a great lyricist who understood traditional motifs and subjects with an unrivaled passion and proclivity for verse that explores the natural and illusory qualities of love. Yet, as the title of the collection asserts, Faiz was a wailing nightingale—a tortured man who loved beauty, but found himself surrounded by the pain, sorrow, poverty, bloodshed, and tears of daily life in post-Colonial Pakistan. It is in this dynamic counterpoint that Faiz's artistry becomes manifest, mixing the good, the bad and the ugly in a delightful manner.

Indian born translator Khalid Hameed Shaida earned medical degree from Pakistan and practiced medicine in both Canada and the United States. He has translated the great Persian masters, Khushro, Hafiz, Ghalib, and Iqbal in his mother tongue of Urdu with a number of publications and reprints to his credit in Pakistan.

In English he has translated the poems of Hafiz (*Hafiz, the Voice of God*, and *Hafiz, Drunk with God*), Khushro (*Khushro, the Indian Orphan*), and Ghalib (*Ghalib, the Indian Beloved*), and now Faiz. In the Kindle book store his "*Hafiz, the Voice of God*" is the top seller among the books on Hafiz. Currently he and his wife live a quiet life in Friendswood, Texas.

